



Suck

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

September 20, 1917

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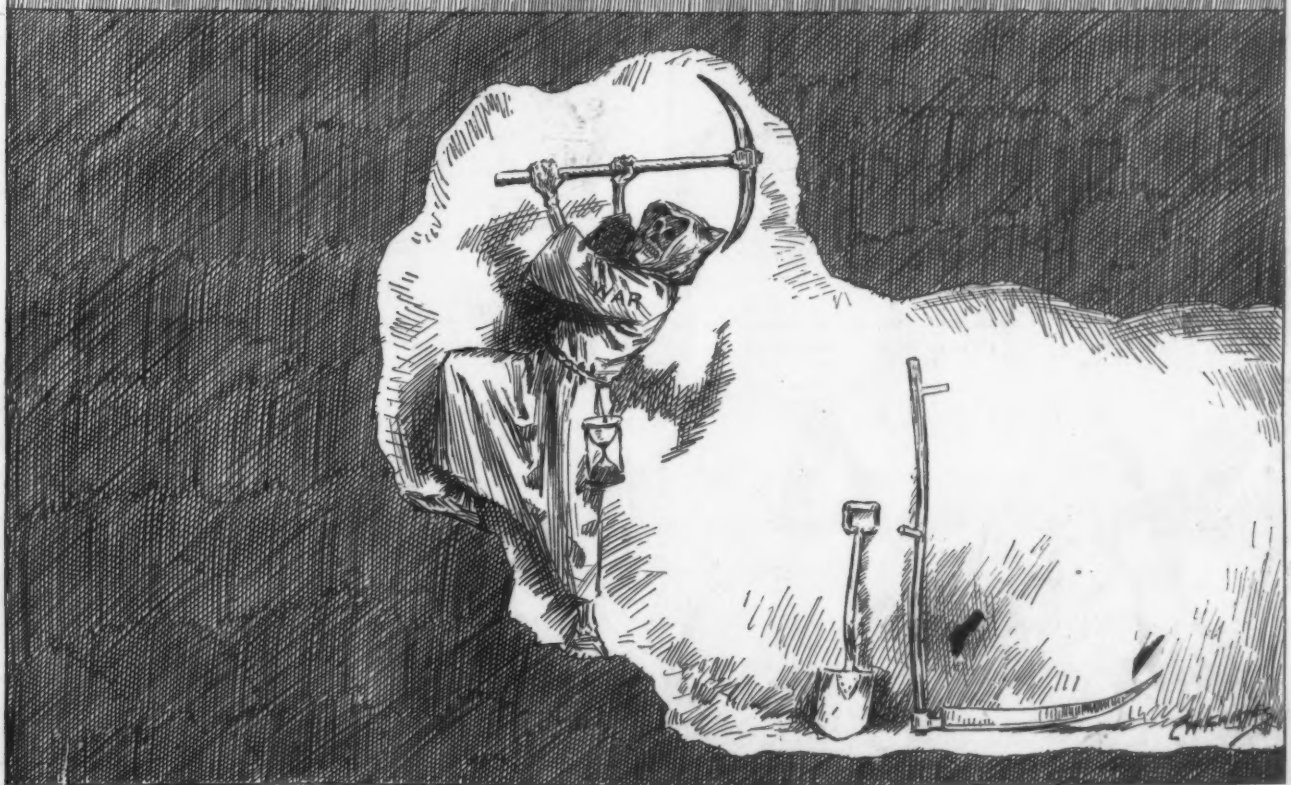
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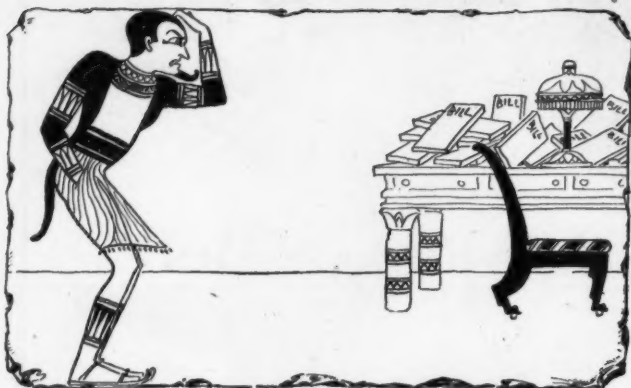


What Fools These Mortals Be!



The Sapper

A Strange Tale Found in the Ruins of Nineveh



1—THE WAY THE BILLS PILE UP GIVETH FATHER A PAIN



2—FATHER SENDETH FOR MOTHER AND WALKETH HIMSELF INTO A TANTRUM WHILE HE WAITETH



3—FATHER ASKETH MOTHER WHETHER SHE THINKETH HE IS MADE OF MEZUMEH



4—FATHER TALKETH HIS HEAD OFF AND MOTHER TRYETH TO THINK OF A GOOD EXPLANATION



5—MOTHER CHEWETH HER STYLUS AND GOETH OVER 580 SIMOLEONS' WORTH OF BILLS



6—MOTHER TRIUMPHANTLY SHOWETH FATHER THAT ONE BILL FOR A HALF SIMOLEON IS FOR HIS COLLAR BUTTON



7—FATHER FEELETH REMORSEFUL AND MAKETH OUT A CHECK



8—WHEREUPON MOTHER JOLLIETH HIM OUT OF 50 SIMOLEONS EXTRA FOR A NEW SPORT COAT

HORACE
TAYLOR

Just Between Us

By Berney Lee



She read. And I wrote. I wrote, "Life is like a—" when she began to laugh

LIFE is like a—
I began writing this yesterday and the above unfinished line is as far as I got. I can't even remember what I thought life was like yesterday. Life is like so many different things at different times, depending on the weather and how you feel and whether things are going well with you or not. If I am not mistaken I intended to compare life with some kind of a stream, flowing in some direction, with some kind of purpose or other. But it doesn't make much difference. Because, you see, I don't even remember what I was going to say after I got through telling about life.

Today I see things clearly. Life is like a jazz band. Have you ever watched the musicians of a jazz band dance and cavort while they played their nonsensical, inconsequential, St. Vitus-like syncopations, without rhyme or reason? It's a sort of crazy thing and you keep wondering what it is all about. Well, that's what life is like.

It was perfectly quiet in the morning room of the beautiful home to which I had been invited for the week-end and I had settled myself snugly for an hour's writing, when my hostess entered with a book in her hand.

"Now don't move," she said, quickly. "I'm going to sit in a corner and read and you can write in peace. I won't let anyone bother you." I blessed her, silently. She read. And I wrote. I wrote, "Life is like a—" when she began to laugh.

"This is the funniest book I've ever read," she said. "It's about a dictator in Paraguay. He must have been a terrible person."

Ah, well. I chewed the end of my pen and smiled and wondered about life.

"He made it a point never to accept any invitations but the old lady made his life a burden until he accepted hers. I can hardly wait until I get to that party."

She is a very charming woman, that hostess of mine. Ah, well! It's all in the day's work. Now, let's see. "Life is like a—"

"Oh, the idea!" exclaimed my hostess. "He must have been a perfect tyrant. He believed that all women should be treated as children. I'm glad I don't have to live in Paraguay."

Still, someone has to live in Paraguay. I was wondering what sort of a place it is and whether a Paraguayan loves his country better than he does New York or Paris, when the telephone bell rang. My hostess answered it.

"Who is this? The garage? I'll call you up later. There's a gentleman here very busy writing and I cannot have him disturbed." She hung up the receiver.

"There!" said she, with a radiant smile. "I'll stand guard over you like an ogre and nobody is going to bother you."

She drew her chair nearer, this time, and was soon occupied with her book. "Life," I wrote, "is like Paraguay." Then I scratched out Paraguay and tried to concentrate my mind on the task. I had about succeeded in remembering what I was trying to say—at least, I think I had, because it all seems so long ago that I'm not sure that I ever really had anything to say—when my hostess looked up and asked:

"Can't women own property in Paraguay?" I could not enlighten her. If they don't own property there they ought to.

(Continued on page 18)



"He's trying to prove that Dolores is merely interested in the Duke and not in love with him"

Without Rhyme or Reason

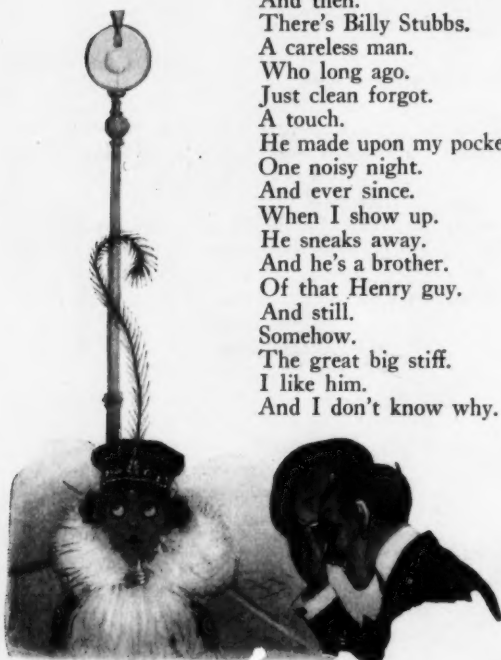
I

There's Henry Stubbs.
He never did a thing to me.
In all his life.
And owes me naught.
And smiles.
And shakes my hand.
And if it is.
We go to lunch.
He grabs the check.
And pays.
And always pays.
And still.
Somehow.
I hate that guy.
And don't know why.



II

And then.
There's Billy Stubbs.
A careless man.
Who long ago.
Just clean forgot.
A touch.
He made upon my pocketbook.
One noisy night.
And ever since.
When I show up.
He sneaks away.
And he's a brother.
Of that Henry guy.
And still.
Somehow.
The great big stiff.
I like him.
And I don't know why.



III

And then.
There's Mabel.
With her hair!
And eyes!
And lips!
Oh, boy!
And such a rotten memory.
That she forgets.
When she sees me.
That for ten years.
I've lived next door.
To where she lives.
And still.
Somehow.
I love that girl.
And don't know why.



Peter Newell

IV

And then.
There's Bobby Stubbs.
And he's some boy.
And younger.
Than the other boys.
And once.
He knocked my top hat off.
With something soft.
And ran.
And guys me.
When I'm all dressed up.
And still.
Somehow.
I like that boy.
And don't know why.



V

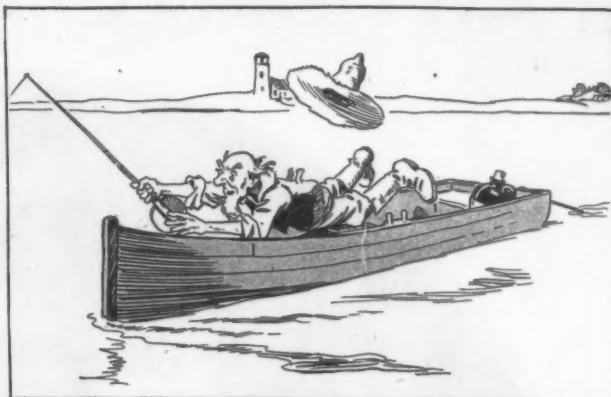
But Henry Stubbs!
He's so darned nice.
He makes me sick.



Those Big Fish Always Get Away



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8

Evening Dresses



Photos by Campbell Studios

Of course, the evenings have all kinds of hours and all kinds of dresses. And why shouldn't beautiful Marion Davies wear two kinds at least?

Broadway Camouflage.



*We know you think
this is a lovely Chin-
ese girl, and a very
war-like Indian chief,
but it isn't; it's just
Arline King pretend-
ing to be!*

Love and Kisses and Such Things — by Alan Dale



"Tender without being cyclonic"



"The gallery used to exclaim, 'yum, yum'"



"She refuses to be his for reasons that are appalling"

IF love-making were a fashion, I should say that the styles this season are simple, and notably inconspicuous, and that the indications for the coming winter are of "increasing severity." I have it on excellent authority that it is considered very bad form—quite *outré*, in fact—for any heroine to leave traces of her untrammelled embrace upon the hero's Tuxedo.

Formerly, whenever you arrived at the theatre rather late, and observed a beautiful white expanse of face powder upon the "full evening dress" of the lissome Lothario, you knew that the delineation of their undying affection had already taken place. It was as good as any "synopsis" on the program.

The other members of the cast, of course, were blind. Mother never noticed the splotches of *poudre de riz*, and Father had used so much of it on his *distingué* temples that he was unsuspecting. However, you knew. It was delightfully easy to check these love scenes, which the war tax on luxuries has now rendered powderless.

Today's severity has a certain icy charm of its own, perhaps, but I am always a bit disappointed when love-making is indicated rather than tumultuously expressed. Then, the hero is much older than he used to be and not as exuberant. He belongs to the "gay old dog" category. He is rather a furtive chap, who worries about epigrams, instead of proudly maintaining the Byronic idea of "the pulse ablaze, each kiss a heart-quake." He mumbles his doddering love into the pretty nape of her neck, as it were.

The hero, of course, prefers the simplicity and severity, and dignity of modern love-making. It was most annoying to be obliged to rush to the wings in order that the valet could brush off the evidences of the dulcet juxtaposition.

PERHAPS you remember that Cyrano de Bergerac described a kiss as "a moment of the infinite that makes a noise like the buzzing of a bee." Today, any leading man who buzzed like a bee, would be derided by his audience and fired by his manager. If any heroine attempted the Vesuvian feat that made Olga Nethersole famous years ago, she would be squelched by the one word, the plaintive word: "vulgar." Today's kiss is damp, pale and unobtrusive—an evidence of good faith, not intended for osculation.

And they do say that crinolines are "coming in" again.—the deplorable fashion that renders intimacy so "fraught with difficulty." In the old crinoline days, the hero never *could* kiss the heroine with any degree of comfort or self-respect. As for clasping her to his manly bosom, that was out of the question. The stage became awfully chilly, during the crinoline period, and fearfully talky, and I dread to think of the possible return of the *mode*.

THE present severity may, of course, be due to some extent to the fact that our popular actors have grown older—as popular actors will. Also unpopular actors. Nobody expects any Byronic outburst from—let us say—John Drew. The girl he loves today, is usually his ward, or his stenographer. The persistent love of the aging hero for his typist has done a great deal to modify exuberance. Mr. Drew now has a fatherly manner of love-making which is a trifle baffling.

That arch-lover, Faversham, has also bowed to the exigencies of the years. As a matinee idol, his love-making was "perfectly grand"—as Sarah-Jane would say—and Sarah-Jane *did* love Faversham. Now the malign influence of Bernard Shaw has made itself felt, and today Faversham is tender without being cyclonic.

It does seem a pity. I often think that the hero fears the heroine as though she had eaten onions, and that he is a firm believer in the absurd theory that distance lends enchantment. Once upon a time (Continued on page 22)

Confidential Letters-R^{by}B



One to a Boy Baby

DEAR SIR: Oh, 'ittum boo'ful tunnins-wunnins goo-gums, woo-gums! We could-ums eat-ums up, 'ittle toodlums! Bless-ums itty heart!

No, boy, it can't be done. We would love to address you in this strain, to which you probably are accustomed, but the strain is too great. Let us hike to another key.

Oh, little cherub, opening those wondrous eyes upon this vale of tears, we bid thee welcome! We would fain converse with thee upon the prospect that lies before thou, but, inasmuch as thou canst not yet converse, we must do all the conversing ourselves. Thee—or thou—wilt hast a long row to hoe and many a troublous path to tread, but if thou—or thee—keepest a stiff upper lip, all will cometh out well.

Thou are just about as googlums as thou canst be and thou hath not the faintest idea of the tough game thee ith up against, but—no lad, this key doth not work either. We simply have got to talketh English.

DEAR LITTLE SPORT: It just tickles us to death to have you with us and if you only could understand the words of our wisdom we would love to lay down a flood of rules and regulations that would save you an awful lot of trouble in the future. For, you see, you're probably going the way of all flesh. And, even if you could understand, you'd probably be stubborn about it and insist on giving your own way a trial. So, really, what's the use of boring you with a one-sided conversation?

Go to it, little one. Get the measles and get over them. Go to school and punch the other little lad on the nose or let him punch you with equal equanimity. Fall in love with the most wonderful girl in the world when you are 14 and she is 21. Let her break your heart and then buckle

down to serious study until you are ready for work. Then marry the one woman in the world who is waiting for you and—settle down to thinking out the rest of your problems for yourself. Only, be sure and do unto others—you know—we see it in your eyes—and all will come out well. And maybe some day you can write an address to a baby yourself.

And One to a Girl Baby

DEAR MADAM: We would like to address you more intimately but, not having had the pleasure of being introduced to you, we are taking no chances. We once spoke to a young lady in a somewhat familiar fashion—she was about your age, if we may be permitted to say so, but awake—and she said, "Sir!" We are not quite sure as to when a young lady's sense of dignity begins to assert itself.

It is our task to address you. We approach it with the utmost respect. We are a married man. Far be it from us to have our wife get an anonymous letter saying we had been fresh.

We welcome you into this glorious, excited, merry-go-round of a world in which you will spend your days. Everything is ready for you. In fact, we have all been working for fifteen thousand years to get things in shape for you. To be perfectly candid, the whole shebang is yours. Men there are, to be sure, who think they have been working for some phantasm that they call posterity. Nix, Catherine, if we may be so bold—they have been doing it all for you. We have ransacked the four quarters of the globe to get your clothes, we have dug deep



into the earth's vitals to find shining gems for you, we have built houses for you and automobiles and theatres, made laws to protect you, devised a grand (Continued on page 21)



Our Job Boys!—by

Puck



!—by Raemaekers



CAPTAIN OF WOMEN'S HOME DEFENSE: Remember, girls, tomorrow at 9 o'clock in your uniforms.



—But she neglected to say anything about hats!



FAT: Say, how about sharks—think there are any on this coast?
LEAN: Y'betcher life! I was bit by one right here last summer. That's him—I fell for one of his bungalows.

Pork, Pork, Pork

(To the Tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

The fact that the nation is facing an immediate expenditure of \$10,000,000,000 for war purposes does not deter the pork grabbers in the least. The statesmen still in control of legislation insist that the Congaree and the Tombigbee and a host of rills and dribbles shall have money spent on them out of the Federal Treasury even if it means more bond issues and more taxes.—*Washington Despatch.*

In the Senate hall I sit,
Thinking, River dear, of you,
And that endless honest graft the people pay,
And a grin o'erspreads my face,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try my best to look the other way.

Pork, Pork, Pork, the boys are hun-gry!
Cheer up, Comrades, here's the dough.
Let the populace complain,
We can tax 'em once again;
It's a case of easy come and easy go.

In the battle front we stand,
And the people foot the bill;
It will mean a heavy burden, much I fear;
But we cannot stop for that,
We shall filibuster till
Your appropriation's safe, O River dear!

Pork, Pork, Pork, the boys are hun-gry!
Cheer up, Comrades, here's the dough.
It's a patriotic state
Where the dollars circulate;
It's a case of easy come and easy go.

So, within the Senate walls,
We are framing up a bill
Which shall deepen you, dear streamlet,
seven feet;
Then we'll cheer the starry flag,
As we tap the nation's till;
It will be like finding money in the street.

Pork, Pork, Pork, the boys are hun-gry!
Cheer up, Comrades, here's the dough.
Tight in Congress we shall sit
Till we do (and get) our bit;
It's a case of easy come and easy go.

A Gentle Reproof

LIEUTENANT BULLTOSSER: And there I stood for an hour, staring death in the face.

HIS AUNT LUCY: That was very rude to stare so.

The despatches from Petrograd which announced the departure of Mr. Nicholas Romanoff and family on a tour of Siberia also contained the information that "the former Empress seemed pleased at the prospect of a change in surroundings." Which invariably comes of too much household drudgery. Mr. Romanoff should have taken his wife to the movies once in a while.



Suck

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Moving Days

THE fashions change; the dwellers in apartments and rented houses who formerly looked upon May as the month most fitting for a change in their abode, now select October. For some reason, inscrutable to all but real estate experts, the great army of "movers" gather up their Lares and Penates (including bedding and the books bought on the installment plan), and, at one concerted time, enter upon new quarters which have been carefully cleaned, re-papered and furnished to conform to all that the new tenant has learned in the past year as to what a home should really be.

Would it not be possible, through decree of Congress or, perhaps, concerted action at the polls, to fix a similar yearly period for a general moving of the human mind?

Just think of the improvement that would result! It might even keep pace with the improvement in sanitation, lighting, heating and disposal of garbage that is continually going on. The new mind could be swept clean, each year, of at least one or two prejudices. It could be re-papered with a touch of human kindness and indulgence for the shortcomings of others. The tenant might even install a new range of ideas and of accurate information and, perhaps, lay the foundation for a bit of wisdom. Just supposing the Germans decided suddenly to move into a democratic frame of mind!

WE have just read a profound article in which the writer maintained that the first duty of Congress is to uphold a higher standard of national ethics to the end that American manhood may rise to higher levels. It would be undignified to characterize such a serious article as tommyrot. But imagine Bill Jones, the candidate for Congress from the 'Steenth Illinois District, appealing for votes.

"If elected, fellow-citizens, I propose to make you all better men. I shall go to Washington to uphold a higher standard of ethics than you've ever dreamed of."

What a fat chance.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!—It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country. But, oh dear, how hateful it is to pay taxes to keep her alive. Come, folks, and buy Liberty bonds.

Autumn Reading

WE are strong for the "uplift" in literature. By this we mean to imply that we approve of the "making of books" which tend to elevate the human race to a higher plane of thinking and feeling. Having thus gone on record we feel that we have done our duty. Between you and us, however, we are a literary low-brow with a yearning weakness for detective stories which, deep down in our hearts, we consider the very finest form of literary expression. Publicly, we could not afford to proclaim this to the rising generation because our sense of duty obliges us to urge them to read the—oh, you know the old stuff. But, for our private comfort, we are anxious to encourage a kind of writing that is much closer to our marrow.

We are hungry for more and better detective stories. They've got to be chock full of thrills and mysteries and surprises. The solution must be absolutely clear inside of the first fifty pages and must turn out to be wrong before the middle of the book. Personally, we prefer the kind that begin with the discovery of a body but, of course, that is not essential. A stolen document or jewel of great value or something involving a throne or a millinaire's happiness may be just as thrilling if you get interested in it. But the thing mustn't be transparent; the writer must first get you interested, then fascinated, then mystified and then thrilled. How he clears it all

up doesn't matter much. If you go through those four sensations you feel that you've had your money's worth.

It is not that we do not admire Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" or lack appreciation of "Hamlet." But there is something about mystery and crime and shudders that fills our low-brow heart with joy.

What Do We Know Anyway?

What do we know about the Gordian knot — excepting that it was cut?

What do we know about the Rubicon — excepting that it was crossed?

What do we know about the Medes and the Persians — excepting that their laws were strict?

What do we know about Damon and Pythias — excepting that they were friends?

What do we know, anyway?



HATCHING IT!

The News in Rhyme

Verses by BERTON BRALEY

Drawings by MERLE JOHNSON



Our President, with wise intent,
Says coal must not be high this year,
But we will bet that dealers get
Stiff prices when we buy this year;
If coal and steel and food and such
At lower prices flock to us,
Of course we'll like it very much,
But—it will be a shock to us.



We've lent a hundred million more
To aid the Slavs financially,
Kerensky, with that sum in store,
Will speed things up substantially,
But part of it he ought to take
(While German guns are gunning so)
To hobble Russian troops and make
Them stop awhile from running so.

Though Teutons fight with all their
might
Resisting very grittily.
They daily meet with fresh defeat
From England, France and Italy;
Meantime they have their woes at home,
The Liberals are stewing much
Because they claim that on the foam
The submarines aren't doing much.

The Gotham subway stopped one day
When proper fuel lacked for it.
And Shonts and Hedley, people say,
Should certainly be sacked for it.
Some negro troops in Houston town
Disgraced their race by rioting.
The "Gi'nts" have nailed the pennant
down,
They set a pace disquieting.

Carranza's well behaved of late
And Villa must be dead again.
Our German spies sing songs of hate
Their bombs have brought us dread
again.

We're back to work as days grow cool
Toil greets us unattractively,
The children slowly crawl to school.
The army's drilling actively.



The Pope said, "Peace, ye Nations, cease
"From butchering and slaughtering,"
Yet still the flood of human blood
The fields of earth is watering;
Our brave Allies are claiming that
They cannot hear a word of peace,
But on the Hohenzollern mat
There's "Welcome" for the bird of
peace.

Joe Daniels and the Navy League
Engaged in fierce hostility,
He said they gave him great fatigue,
They sneered at his ability;
Our taxes aren't enough, we see
That we will have to levy new;
LaFollette says—and we agree—
The rich should pay more revenue.





VALIANT HOME GUARDSMAN: Now, then, Maria, do I look fierce enough?

For Older Ears

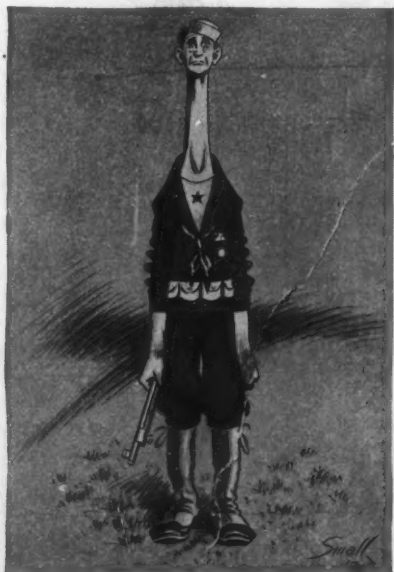
BRIGGS: What do you think of the dastardly pirates sinking hospital ships filled with wounded men and helpless women?

DIGGS: Think of them! Why, they're the—(suddenly discovering small daughter's presence) er—come out in the garden, old man.

Recessional

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where the spuds are high,
Land where we cannot buy
An onion if we try,
And—everything.

The only trouble about the Government's taking over and operating the coal mines is that it may give deep offense to Providence at a critical time. The coal mines, let us not forget, belong to the men to whom "God in his infinite wisdom entrusted the property interests of the country."



How he feels in his first naval militia togs.



Courier of Soldier and Civilian

Our troops are now on the firing line in France. While at home every instrumentality of our government and private industry is being urged at top speed to insure victory. The telephone is in universal demand as courier, bringing to the front men and the materials of war.

From the farms the telephone courier brings foodstuffs; from the mines the telephone courier calls forth metals; from the factories this courier gathers manufactured products. The telephone courier leads troop and supply trains to the front; summons fighting flotillas and transports; and, in fact, leads

practically every contributing unit of supply to the firing line.

At such a time, when the government is straining at its task and every industry is loyally contributing its energy, this national courier is constantly being used to call up the reserves. It is at the base of every contributing activity.

The right of way must be given to the military for the direction of troops and to the government for the marshaling of endless supplies. To do this, and also to make the telephone serve all other needs, both patriotic and private, all must economize.



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PUCK

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—all can afford to go."

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BEST SEATS

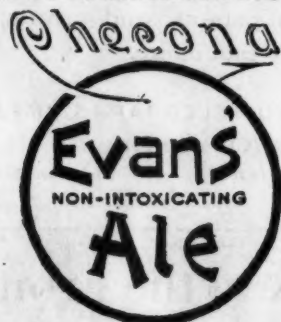
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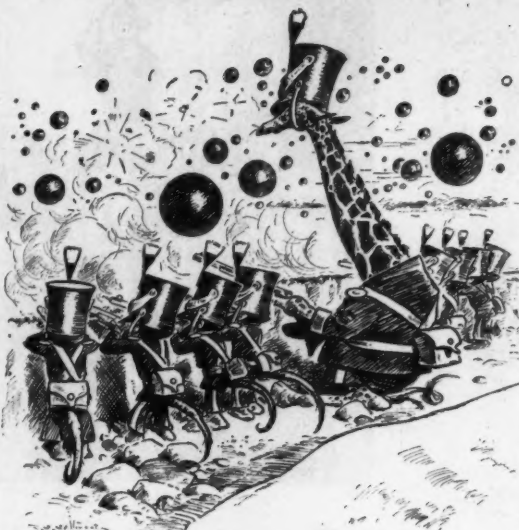
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WHY THE GIRAFFE DESERTED

Just Between Us

(Continued from page 5)

Every woman ought to have a diamond mine in Paraguay.

"The reason I asked," she explained, "is because he says he will leave her dowry to his nephew if she doesn't consent to Dolores's marriage. Dolores is the girl."

I think I said "Oh!"

"It's an awfully queer story," said my hostess. "And so dreadfully long-winded. Are you going to let me see what you have written when it's finished?"

I promised I would. She resumed her reading and I chewed up one-third of my penholder. "Life is like—" Now, what is life really like? I concentrated every ounce of my poor brain over which I had the slightest control upon this problem of life. I dismissed Paraguay and Dolores from my mind. I began at the very beginning. I remember thinking that we can't get along without life and I believe I almost saw my way clear to something that looked like an idea when my hostess closed her book with a vicious snap.

"Oh!" she ejaculated. "That writer gets me so angry. He's trying to prove that Dolores is merely interested in the Duke and not in love with him. The poor fool! Any woman could tell that she's just crazy about him. A woman wouldn't say a thing of that kind if she didn't love the man."

"Is that in Paraguay?" I asked, not knowing what else I could ask.

"Oh, dear, no," she replied. "They all went to Boston after the fire. But please go on writing. I love to watch an author at work."

I turned to my writing. Have you ever tried to write something original with someone looking on and waiting to read it? I wrote that life was like Do-

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"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles.

lores and a fire in Paraguay and then the telephone bell rang again.

"Hello," said my hostess. "Oh, is this you, Alice? We're having just the grandest time. Mr. Lee is here with us. He's terribly busy writing something awfully important and I'm sitting watching him, as quiet as a mouse. What's that? The new one? With the fur edging? Oh, do tell me all about it!"

She did not notice my departure. I hardly noticed it myself. I sat under a tree and concentrated all my thoughts upon life again. When I awoke, an hour later, I found I had been dreaming of a wonderful black-eyed girl named Dolores whom I had rescued

from the terrible dictator of Paraguay. Perhaps that's what life is.

Being Done For His Bit

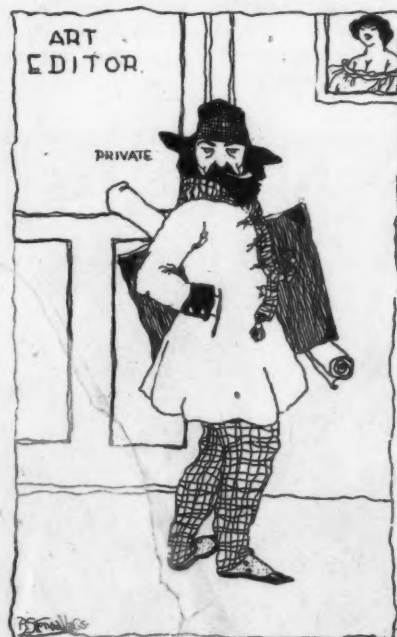
OFFICER: Now, sir, are you doing anything to maintain a condition of humming industry in this country?

MEEKLY: Well, paying 110 per cent of my income for the necessities of life ought to help a little.

The Blessings of Poverty

MRS. FIRSTFAM: This china dinner set is one of our heirlooms. It has been in my family for more than two hundred years.

MRS. NEWCOMER: If your family had been able to afford servants it would have lasted about two months.



CARRYING OUT HIS OWN IDEAS



"But isn't \$75 rather high for a uniform?"
 "Not for that one, madame; it is an absolutely exclusive design!"

Betty's Feet

THEY twinkle down the fern-fringed path,
 They thread demure the pool-flecked way,
 They patter o'er resounding arch,
 They punctuate the dying day.

But once we reach the cobbled street,
 There Betty must remain aloof;
 Not modesty, nor coldness, but
 A sand-crack in her off hind hoof.

—Richard Young.

Some day, through the kindness of an openhearted judge, an egg will be released from cold storage on a certificate of reasonable doubt.

More than fifty civilian cooks have passed the examination for service at the Yaphank, Long Island, camp. The great crisis in the life of the camp will come when their month is up. All suburban Long Island is pessimistic to the last degree.

Parents are grown up children who have forgotten how to make-believe.

Headlines in Leading German Papers

Victory Is Ours; Heavy Bombardment; Niagara Falls.
 Our Glorious Troops Still Conquer; Germans Swarm in Milwaukee.
 Invasion of Coney Island; German Cooks Have Frankfort.
 Sentiment in U. S. Veering to Our Side; Saratoga Springs to Our Aid.
 Tremendous Triumph for Kultur; 1,500 Women, Children and Cripples Gassed.

Extra! Extra! Invasion of Rhode Island; Providence on Our Side.

Marvelous Victory! We Have Retreated 150 Miles. Americans Discouraged; Even the Mountains Are Blue.

Our Brave Men Will Soon Unlock the Doors of the U. S.; Have the Florida Keys in their Possession.

Reward of German Kultur; Kaiser Bestows Upon Herr La Foolyet and Herr "Gumshoe" Stung the Grand Double Cross.

—J. G.

Food regulation arrived just in time to prevent the Tea Biscuit and the Parker House, all from becoming the standard size American loaf of bread.



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THE ARTS: Painless criticisms and peerless illustrations of all the newest happenings in painting, literature, sculpture and architecture.

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SPORTS: Every known species of sports; indoor and outdoor, heroically masculine and politely ladylike.

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS: The enlivening and unconventional output of our most wakeful essayists, critics, and authors.

DANCING: All varieties of dances both wild and hot-house and their indoor, outdoor, rhythmic and ball-room exponents.

FASHIONS: The last word—pronounced with a Parisian accent—on the smartest clothes for the smartest men and the smartest women.

DOGS AND MOTORS: Photographs and life histories of the most successful 1918 models of well-bred dogs and well-built motors.

SHOPPING: The heart of the blue list shopping district; a pageant of its riches; and the shortest and easiest way to acquire their contents.

THESE are brisk and burning times in art, in literature, in music and in life, as well as in politics and war; and *Vanity Fair* is doing its bit to make the times a good deal brisker and more burning. It is the avant courier, the drum major among America's forward - marching magazines.

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In order that you may become one of America's intellectual advance guards, and so keep up with all the surprises and entanglements of modern life, we—here and now—make you this special war-time offer of an entire winter of *Vanity Fair* for one green dollar—just half the money you throw away on a single ill-chosen theatre ticket.

Attention! Forward March! Eyes left! Salute the coupon! Tear it off, fill it out and let *Vanity Fair*—all winter—keep you in step with the times.



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I accept your offer gladly. It is understood that if the order is received in time, you will send the September issue free of charge.
Enclosed at once I send the bill as a later date. (Canadian, please add 25c.)
Name _____
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—and thank you very much—
P. 9-26-17

*If you long—in the battle of life—to become a Busy Bertha, and to stop being a small bore, fall in behind our special wartime offer—an entire winter of *Vanity Fair*, for One Green Dollar. Read the coupon.*



THE BRIDE—My gracious! I didn't know you could get all that ice for five dollars!

Who Is Going to Do the Fighting?

Who is going to do the scrapping,
When our army moves to France,
Dig the trenches—do the sapping?
No one's left to take the chance.

Jack is turning out munitions,
Bill and Phil and many more,
Are exempt by these conditions;
Frank is with the Signal Corps.

George is strong for Home Defences,
Charlie's with the ambulance,
Buck avers without pretenses,
War is crime and all nonsense.

Ned is with the commissary,
Hal got busy with a hoe,
Says his job is necessary,
Claims he shouldn't have to go.

Fred lays claim to his exemption,
Has a Flivver to maintain,
John is lost beyond redemption,
Subject to most every pain.

Melvin wants to take up flying,
Ignatz wants to go to sea,
Harry's shown a love for spying,
Claude a general wants to be.

Who will man the field artillery,
Who is going to drive the tanks,
Sakes alive, am I to be the
ONLY PRIVATE IN THE RANKS?

—C. N. Reinhardt.

Equally As Dangerous

AMERICAN SOLDIER (smoking furiously at a rope-like stogie made somewhere in America): Here, Leon, you hold my cigar, while I throw this bomb in the German trench.

FRENCH SOLDIER (not used to the three-for-a-nickel kind): Non, non, Monsieur Sammie, I will hold zee bomb while you throw zee cigar.

Confidential Letters

(Continued from page 11)

institution which we call marriage, just on your account, and another which we call divorce, merely in case the first doesn't appeal to you. Oh, you'll find it a great place!

We observe the hem of a petticoat protruding below the edge of your skirt. The time will come when this would give you a conniptic fit and you would hasten into seclusion to conceal it from the vulgar gaze. Unless, of course, all the other ladies were wearing them so.

We would like to give you some good advice but we have learned from history that there is **NOTHING DOING**. When you will, you will and when you won't, why then, perhaps, sometimes, you may at that. You will have great satisfaction in being a riddle. It may give you a pain at times that you do not understand yourself, but—that's the only fly in the ointment. Be always of good cheer, Marguerite, because your very existence will make the world happier and the throne, from which you shall reign, rests upon adamant.



OFFICER: Come back in the trench, you fool.

PRIVATE JONES (an ardent butterfly collector): Just a second, it's a rare specimen!

Rations

They say the Huns are hungry now,
They're gulping gruesome stuff.
But of one kind of grub, I know,
They'll surely get enough.

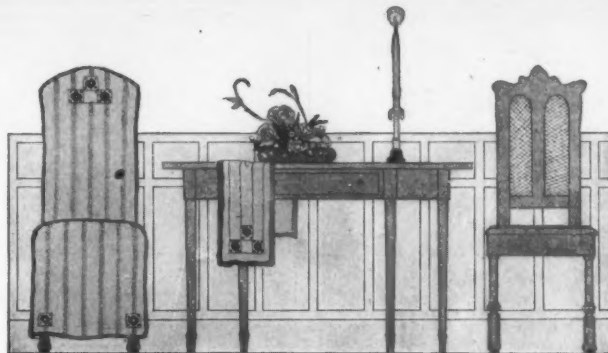
Forced feeding they may find a bore,
They'll have it till they die.
We'll hand them more and more and more,

Plain, wholesome Humble Pie.
—Julia Boynton Green.

Had 'Em Located

BIZZY: Say, you always seem to have a good-looking office girl. Where do you find them?

BODDIE: Usually in the rear office arranging their hair.



If you have a house or are going to have a house; if you own a garden or are going to plant a garden, you can save money by consulting

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If you care to make your own house smart, distinguished, and representative of your personal tastes, you will want to take advantage of our special offer of five issues of House & Garden for \$1—six if you mail the coupon now. Send no money now unless you wish to—just mail the coupon today.

HOUSE & GARDEN, 19 West 44th St., New York City
Send no five numbers of House & Garden, beginning with the September issue. It is understood that if this order reaches you promptly, you will send an additional number, making six in all. I enclose \$1 (or \$1.50 for Canadian, \$1.25 for foreign). (Please print name and address clearly.)
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Address _____
City _____ State _____ P. O. No. _____

Love and Kisses and Such Things

(Continued from page 10)

there was an actress who positively refused to go through with her love-making unless the hero forswore his mania for dining on garlic. One has to consider these little points. Possibly you may be repelled by the icy atmosphere of a love scene, but you do not hear the murmured protest of the lovely girl, as she whispers: "If you eat onions again, I won't play."

The hero and heroine of today scarcely need a chaperon. They are so dolorously well-behaved. The modern heroine can only become duly fervid when she loves (as she usually does) some other lady's husband, and the same may be said for the modern hero.

All mankind loves a lover. All womankind (on the stage) loves a married lover. The dear little girl with the baby-blue sash, and the "sunny curls" is merely used for comedy purposes. As for the slim youth, whose love affairs were the joy of all playwrights, he has been lost in the shuffle of problems and eternal triangles.

The gallery used to exclaim "Yummy!" when the hero and heroine melted into a fervent kiss. Today, the gallery is no more, and people in the "best seats" demand discretion in their love-making. The affectionate nature of actors and actresses has no chance to manifest itself. The stage has been Ibsenized and Shavianized out of its demonstrative pleasures.

The Ibsen characters make love with cynical monosyllables, and the Shavian people actually analyze their affections! They quip about them, and topsy-turvy them, and emit epigrams about them.

I hate a hero who instead of taking the girl into his arms, describes his symptoms. I despise a heroine who instead of cuddling into his embrace says superbly: "I love you but I can never be yours!" To be sure, she always used to say that—but she only *said* it. Now she means it. She refuses to be his for sound, feministic, and logical reasons that are quite appalling.

I like styles in dress that are all flounces and furbelows, and I like styles in love-making that are all fervor and—face powder.

General Wood is Shifted Again.—

News Headline.

General Wood appears to be the Off-Again, On-Again, Finnigan of the War Department.



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What Fools These Mortals Be



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GET into the laughter-currents of the times—a dollar bill pays the way for six months. If, "somewhere in Yaphank or Spartanburg," there is someone whom you would like to cheer up every two weeks, write his name and regiment in the blank spaces of this coupon, pin a dollar bill to it, and we'll see that PUCK follows him through all the vicissitudes of a soldier's career for the next six months. Leave the address to us; simply indicate his unit or regiment, and PUCK will reach him whether he is here or abroad. But *do it now*; it is during the first few months of soldiering that the rookie needs his laugh.

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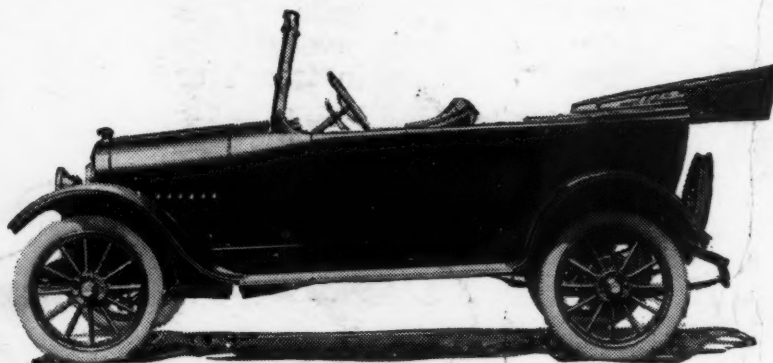
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